

## some like it hot (so let's turn up the heat) by frankenstina

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy Hargrove is Obsessed with Steve Harrington, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Blow Jobs, Comedy, Crack, Crack Treated Seriously, Good Babysitter Steve Harrington, Horny Teenagers, Lifeguard Billy Hargrove, M/M, No beta we die like Barb, Oral Sex, Romantic Comedy, Steve Harrington is a Sweetheart, Steve Harrington's Scoops Ahoy Uniform, Stranger Things sans the strange things, Summer, Summer Vacation, The Hat in particular, gratuitous music references, have truer tags ever been made, panicked gays, panicked gays everywhere, steve is a disaster bi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-06-28

**Updated:** 2021-06-28

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 13:36:09

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 6,602

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Steve Harrington's Summer, 1985 To-Do List:

1. Billy Hargrove

## some like it hot (so let's turn up the heat)

### Author's Note:

- as the saying doth go: “If you want more Harringrove in your life, you’d better write your own.”
- I read this over enough times to convince myself it’s the worst piece of writing in the English language.
- I have taken a great many liberties in writing; liberties of the no-Upside-Down, well-adjusted-and-respectable-citizen-Billy-Hargrove, I-forgot-homophobia-was-a-thing-halfway-through variety. I hope this humble fool’s jangling bells do not deter you.
- title from *Some Like it Hot* by the Power Station.

In a last-ditch attempt to foil Steve’s master plan, Robin forces him into The Hat.

The Hat is, as far as hats go, fairly innocuous in and of itself. Charming, even, on certain people.

On Steve, it is a travesty.

He stares at his reflection long enough to assure himself of this fact. Which is to say: not long at all.

“I look like an idiot,” he declares.

Robin throws him a sugary sweet smile. “The most honest reflection of your character.”

Steve gestures to his hair, sad and flat under the tyranny of The Hat. “It’s messing with my best feature! The Hat must go!”

He makes an attempt to pull it off. With embarrassingly little effort, Robin forces it back on. “The Hat must *stay*. It’s company policy.”

“It’s bullshit, is what it is.” Steve resigns himself to his fate, mostly because Robin’s brandishing a scoop that he’d rather not find home

in his digestive tract (she's threatened to do it before). "Rob, don't you understand? This will totally mess up our plan!"

"Your plan," she corrects. "I didn't agree to it, remember?"

"Ah, but you wanted to." At her deadpan look, he drops his smirk. "C'mon, Robin," he wheedles. "You know it's brilliant. You just don't want to admit that a guy who failed every college entrance exam came up with a better idea than you ever would."

Her jaw slackens. "You failed every college entrance exam?"

He rolls his eyes. "That's what you get? Out of everything I told you? *That's* what you focus on?"

"Yeah, because I feel like your priorities might be skewed in the wrong fucking direction—"

"Nepotism always finds a way. My dad's just bluffing." Steve swats her concerns away like they're particularly irritating gnats. "Finding you a lovely lady is far more important."

The last part comes out a bit too loud, and mirrored expressions of horror dawn on their faces. Steve rushes to rectify the situation.

"I mean me," he says, loudly. "*I* want to find myself a lovely lady. Not *her*." He shakes his head at Robin, who nods equally as fast. "*I* want a girlfriend."

"And I most certainly do not!" Robin adds. "I like- boys." She coughs. "Yum."

Steve scopes the store. The only customers within earshot are a mother and her son. The boy slams his fists on the table, scowling at his mom. "I wanted *raspberry* sauce!"

The mother throws a look at Steve that could curdle milk. "I know, darling, but this- *place*—" Here, Momzilla sneers at Steve and Robin, "—has only strawberry sauce."

The boy mirrors his mother's nasty expression as he sticks a spoon into his sundae and holds it out. Looking Steve dead in the eye, he

flips the spoon over. A thick glob of ice cream falls onto the pristine tile with a wet *smack*. “Oops.”

Steve wants to wipe the floor with the kid’s ugly mug.

He turns to tell Robin as much, but there’s a glazed look in her eyes that tells him all he needs to know. Hiding a smirk, he follows her gaze.

There’s a gaggle of girls he vaguely recognizes seeing around school, walking in their direction. Straightening his back, he plasters on his Steve Harrington-patented smile.

“Hello, ladies.” He winks. “Welcome to Scoops Ahoy! I’ll be your captain on this ocean of flavor; where would you like to go today? Will it be-” He sweeps his arm over a tub of bright pink deliciousness, “- Strawberry Island? Or might you be interested in-” He gestures towards a dentist’s nightmare next, “- Caramel Coast?”

One of the girls- the one hovering at the back, with the Madonna hair- smiles shyly. Her friend nudges her, glee written all over her face. Steve stifles a smile of his own. “Or maybe you’ll have our special of the day?” He pauses in front of a tub. “I hear Elton John is quite the fan of it.”

From behind him, he hears something which sounds distinctly like a dying animal- or, perhaps more accurately, a dying Robin Buckley.

The redhead at the front gives him a dubious look. “Really?” She draws the word out, making a face. It’s a look that takes Steve back to high school; back to disappointed teachers handing out assignments with his name and far too many red marks.

It’s a look that lets him know Robin would never go for a girl like her, but he’s already pushed the farce this far. Might as well see it to the end. “Yup. Heard it’s all he eats.”

One of the girls- a brunette, big-eyed, Robin’s type if Tammy Thompson can be taken as a blueprint- snorts.

And then the blonde adds, “Heard that’s not all he eats.”

The girls start snickering. Steve's back in high school, again- only this time, he's watching a senior shove a freshman into a locker. "*Faggot*," the senior sneers. "*Cocksucking queer*."

He swallows. "Yeah. Well." He clears his throat. Tries to smile like he did before, when he'd rather puke. "See anything you like?"

The blonde's not at all subtle with the look she gives him. Something ugly rears its head in his belly, and he avoids her expectant gaze. "Well? What'll it be, ladies?"

She slides him a slip of paper before they leave. Steve dunks it in the trash as soon as they're gone.

Robin sidles up to him. "Hey. So that totally blew."

Steve lets out a half-laugh, half-sigh. "You can say that again."

She bumps their hips together. "So that totally blew."

His laugh this time is a little more genuine. "Sorry, Rob."

"Don't sweat it." There's a resigned set to her smile, one that makes it obvious how this isn't the first time she's heard something along the lines, and Steve's heart twists for her. She plasters on a grin. "Should've known they were bad news when the blonde thought you looked good in The Hat."

Steve, like the well-adjusted, mature, caring parental figure of six he is, elbows her. Robin, like the equally well-adjusted, mature, reluctant parental figure of six she is, promptly whacks him with a scoop.

He lets out a loud squeak he'll deny ever having made. Robin chokes on a giggle. "I think that was a B4, Harrington."

Steve throws her the bird. "I'm gonna go clean up that mess."

The demon mother and her child from hell have gone off to presumably terrorize some other poor minimum-wage Starcourt employee. Steve imagines their faces on the tile as he mops it away.

“Shit, Steve; you’re gonna dig a hole all the way to Russia if you’re not careful.”

Steve’s head snaps up so fast his neck cricks, then back down when he remembers all his friends, besides his coworker and his ex and his ex’s boyfriend (it sounds pathetic, even in his head) just finished middle school (it doesn’t get better). “Henderson!”

(He doesn’t really care. They’re good kids.)

Dustin Henderson beams up at him, in all his gap-teethed glory. “Steve!”

“*Henderson!*” Steve drops the mop. “Hey!”

People are staring by the time they finish their elaborate handshake; ‘people’ being a confused Lucas Sinclair, and a somehow even more confused Max (Hargrove? Steve’s not sure what her last name is; if she took the same name as her stepbrother- who Steve prefers to feign ignorance to the existence of, after an incredibly... vivid dream).

Lucas blinks slowly. “That’s new.”

“It’s embarrassing,” Max adds unhelpfully.

“Shut up,” Steve and Dustin say at the same time, then turn to each other. “Jinx!”

Max closes her eyes and lets out a sigh that conveys suffering far beyond her years. “It got worse.”

Steve has his hackles raised, prepared for a full-on brawl with a teenage girl in broad daylight while he’s in a hat with *Ahoy!* stamped across its front. A hand on his bicep grounds him- a hand attached to one Dustin Henderson.

“Steve.” Dustin has never sounded so serious in all the time Steve’s known him. It’s terrifying. “It is sweltering outside. *Sweltering*,” he enunciates slowly. “Sweat is cascading down my chest like the goddamn Niagara.”

His hands move to the hem of his t-shirt. Steve bats them away (Lucas and Max heave audible sighs of relief). “Yeah, thanks, Henderson; I got the picture.”

Dustin grasps Steve’s elbow. “We need ice cream.”

“That can be arranged.” He takes a step back, and twists around to give Robin a sickly-sweet smile. “The children are famished, darling! Won’t you see that they’re well fed?”

“It’s your job, too,” Robin grumbles.

Steve gestures to the spotless floor. “My hands are full.”

He’s rewarded with the tasteful sight of her middle finger.

“Can you take your lunch break now?” Dustin begs, when the three of them have their intricate desserts in their clutches.

“Yeah, hold on.” Steve waltzes over to the counter, throwing Robin a dazzling grin. “I’d like some gruel, ma’am.”

She rolls her eyes. “I hope you choke to death on a sprinkle.”

Steve flinches when she holds up a scoop, trying to play it off when he realizes it’s for him and not for his esophagus in particular. “I just might. How’d you like to have that on your conscience: *Handsome Young Man with Great Hair Chokes to Death While Disinterested Coworker Watches On. Entire Town in Mourning.*”

She leans over the counter. “Actually, the headline will be *Dingus in Pompadour Chokes to Death After Coworker Shoves a Scoop Down His Throat.*”

He laughs nervously. “I’ll take that scoop, please and thank you.”

He ends up piling as much ice cream as he can into the bowl, trusting Dustin to polish off anything he can’t stomach. He up-ends the chocolate syrup, until an ice cream island rises out of a Hershey’s ocean. Rainbow sprinkles form a coastline.

Even Dustin stares when he makes his way over to their booth. “Are

you sure that's not gonna grow legs?"

Steve places his multicolored ticket to food poisoning on the table, then slides into the seat in front of it. "I'm King Motherfucking Steve. I eat my food alive."

Max takes a noisy slurp from her milkshake. "King Steve, could you please take off your tiara? I don't want anyone from school to see us with you when you're dressed like that."

Steve shouldn't be letting a fourteen-year-old twerp get to him. Unfortunately, he does. "Okay, that's fucking rude."

Lucas scoffs. "You think *that's* rude? Wait 'til you meet her brother."

Steve has. That is the problem. "I'd rather not. Hey, guys; I've been meaning to ask- have you seen the new *Star Wars*?"

Lucas exchanges a look with Dustin, who turns back to Steve with betrayal painted all over his face. "I didn't know you watched *Star Wars*, Steve," he says accusingly, as if Steve's supposed to have shared every one of his interests with a fourteen-year-old child.

(He probably has, but that's beside the point.)

"It's what I've been doing all summer, actually." Steve sticks a hearty spoonful of his toxic waste sundae in his maw. "Scoopin' ice cream, watching *Star Wars*-"

"Oh, yeah?" Lucas challenges. "Which one's your favorite?"

Steve ponders how many years in federal prison he'll get for child slaughter. "Uh, the one with the teddy bears, duh." He grins like *they're* the stupid ones.

They're not fooled.

"So you haven't watched *Star Wars*." Dustin relaxes in his seat. "Thank God. For a moment there, I thought you'd lied to me when you said your favorite movie was *Rebel Without a Cause*."

Lucas stares at Steve with gradually increasing disgust. "Your favorite



movie is *Rebel Without a Cause*?”

Steve hunches in on himself. Swallows another spoonful of radioactive dessert. “Yeah; my mom made me watch it. She’s got a thing for James Dean.” He keeps the part about agreeing with his mom to himself.

Lucas looks seconds away from clutching his pearls.

Max hums around her straw. “He’s a lot like Billy.”

*And* they’re back to square one. Steve prays for his ice cream to blow up in his face.

Dustin’s face scrunches. “I don’t see it.”

She shrugs. “I mean, think about it. They both think they’re hot shit, have cars they’d marry if it were legal, *and* they’re blond. Billy’s practically him reincarnated, with worse hair.”

This prompts Dustin to burst into a defense for curly hair, and Lucas attacking with his thesis titled Billy’s Hair Looks Like It Has Things Living Inside. Max blows bubbles into her drink, thoroughly entertained. Steve can only watch in burgeoning horror.

*Oh no*, he thinks. *Oh no, oh no, oh no.*

*I have a type.*



Robin has to physically drag Steve away from the kids.

“Break’s over, dingus.” She smacks him upside the head when he tries to dodge The Hat. “Time to get back to being slaves of capitalism.”

“I let her win,” he tells the kids. “Stroke her ego a bit, y’know? Part of being a gentleman, and all that.”

Only Dustin looks like he believes him. There’s a reason why he’s

Steve's favorite.

They take their leave soon after. Steve watches them go like a sentimental mama duck, and then Robin threatens to shove an ice cream scoop so far up his ass that it'll come out the other end.

"Kinky," is his reply. Robin waves the scoop a little bit too close to him for comfort, and he seals his lips.

They have to throw themselves into work, though, because it's summer and it's Hawkins and their twat of a manager won't hire anyone else for their shift to relieve the workload.

(Steve had even wasted his patented smile on the man. Crabby Mr. Donahue's lips had curled into a sinister leer.

"Keep smilin', pretty boy," he'd rasped in his chainsmoker's voice. "That's the only reason you still have this job.")

On the plus side, it means that droves of girls are in attendance every day.

On the downside, none of them are there for Robin.

"Face it, Steve." Robin's giving his shoulder gentle pats, as if *he's* the one who deserves to be disappointed. "It's just not going to happen." She pauses. "Also, rainbow sprinkles aren't just for the gays."

"I mean, yeah, but that's just a segue." Steve shrugs. "*I* like rainbow sprinkles."

She stares for him longer than is deemed necessary or appropriate. He stares right back at her. "Something going on up here?" He points at his head.

Robin smooths a hand down her face. "I'm not entirely sure there is."

"Well, that's plain rude."



Steve Harrington is no stranger to fuck ups. In fact, his entire life is a sequence of mishaps- some that work in his favor, some that astronomically do not. Consider this, for example:

Steve has been on his feet for five hours. He's had to deal with The Hat, shitty aircon and shittier customers. The sugar rush from his nuclear wasteland of a sundae has all but worn off.

So it's only given that his eyes aren't at the top of their game.

"Hot blonde, twelve o'clock!" He elbows Robin. "And she's headed our way!"

Robin squints. "Don't see her."

"Jesus, she's right there! In the white crop top!" Steve flings an arm out. "Tall, tan, long blonde hair- she's with those two guys- honestly, if you don't go for her, I will-"

Robin's eyes move from Steve, to the blonde, to Steve again. Something akin to glee dawns on her face.

Uh-oh. Steve's seen that look before, and it's never meant good news for him.

"Ahoy."

Steve knows that voice. He's heard it before; trying to get a rise out of him on the basketball court, something between insults and compliments in the locker room... in a dream a couple weeks ago, groaned into his ear, its owner's sweat-soaked chest pressed against his equally sweat-soaked back.

Steve also knows something else: he is very, very screwed.

He gifts his best customer service smile to Billy Hargrove. "Hargrove." Jesus, have his eyes always been this blue? "Tommy." Billy's gaze burns holes into the side of his head. "Chris."

Tommy thrums with unbridled glee. "Shit, Harrington; you really hit rock bottom, didn't you?"

Steve reckons shoving a scoop down Tommy's throat would be bad for business. "What can I get you, gentlemen?" Donahue can go fuck himself; there's no way in hell Steve's letting any of these mouth-breathers hear the stupid greeting he'd been forced to rehearse.

"Aw, don't be like that, King Steve," Chris pipes up. "Where's that little jingle? *Captain of the sissies*?" He laughs like it's the comedy sketch of the century.

Hopper's moderately fond of Steve. Maybe he'd turn a blind eye to a double homicide.

Billy opens his mouth. Steve expects the worst. Instead: "Knock it off, shitbirds."

Steve paints an enchanting picture of absolute perplexity. He can't hold Billy's intense gaze (seriously, Christ, his eyes are so goddamn blue), so he keeps his eyes on the *EVERLAST* printed on his top- and not an inch below. "What can I get you, gentlemen?" he repeats, a little forcefully.

Tommy and Chris give their orders, subdued. Billy's stare remains on Steve, making him almost mess up their orders, two times, and very nearly faceplant another.

They take off to a booth, somewhere near the front. Steve gulps. Forces himself to look Billy in the eye; hopes his face doesn't give anything away.

*I dreamed of you*, his mind screams. Steve very politely orders his mind to shut the fuck up.

"What are you gonna give me, Harrington?"

This is an extremely inconvenient time to notice that Billy has a pornstar voice. Steve notices it.

He swallows thickly. "Um. There's. Uh. Chocolate." He licks his lips. "Butterscotch, and. Strawberry-"

"Or maybe you'll have our special of the day," Robin interrupts. She throws Billy a charming grin. "I hear Elton John is quite the fan of

it.”

Billy eyes her, then his gaze slides over to Steve. “Yeah? Well, I’m quite the fan of Elton John.”

There are more dignified ways to die, Steve supposes, than of cardiac arrest in a sailor’s costume.

Billy saunters over to Tommy and Chris, but not before he drags his eyes down Steve from head to toe. Steve is still staring at him when Robin bumps her hip against his.

She’s grinning all over her face like the goddamn Cheshire Cat. “Would you like rainbow sprinkles with that, Steve?”



“Hey, dingus! Your children are here!”

Steve lifts his face half an inch from the tabletop. “Tell the shitheads I’m on my breakfast break and I can’t see ’em.”

Robin pokes her head inside, mouth downturned in faux sympathy. “No such thing. Also, you’re not eating anything. You’re just sitting there, flopped over, like a sad, wet rag.”

He drops his head back down on the table with a dull *thump*. “I need my beauty sleep.”

She makes a weird little noise at the back of her throat. “Hell yeah, you do.” She ducks out immediately, like the shithead she is.

In an even more grandiose display of her shitheadedness, Steve hears several pairs of tennis shoes scuffing against tile not moments later. Six pairs of eyes stare at him. Steve stares back blankly.

Dustin breaks the silence not five seconds later. “There was no space out front,” he lies.

It’s eight AM. On a goddamn *Saturday*. Normal people aren’t even in

their underwear.

“Jesus.” Steve peels himself off the table. “Make yourselves at home, why don’t you?”

“Don’t mind if we do.” Dustin plonks his butt down on the seat Steve just vacated. He wriggles a bit. “Mm, toasty.”

“You’re so fuckin’ weird,” Max gripes.

Steve side-eyes her. “Language!”

Lucas, reigning monarch of shitheads, pipes up, “You should hear her brother!”

Oh, no. Not this again.

Thankfully, Mike steps in to save the day. “Ugh, I’d rather not.”

Steve’s relieved. Also, a tad offended. Mostly relieved.

But offended, too.

*What does Jane even see in him? Kid has no taste.*

He slaps a grin on his face regardless. “Why the hell are you guys here at ass o’clock on a weekend?”

Mike wheels around (inside his head, Steve cracks up. Mike Wheeler *wheels* around). “There’s a screening of *Back to the Future* at nine,” he informs Steve snootily.

Steve pulls a face. “Yeah, and there’s one at two in the afternoon, too. You know, a normal time for people to be functional.”

“We’ll be at the pool then,” Will pipes up, turning his big, soulful eyes on Steve. He’s turned a bright shade of red.

Steve looks around at his children. Save for Max, he’s willing to bet his Beamer that none of the little twerps have participated in anything more physically taxing than raising their hands in class. “You can swim?” he asks dubiously.

Jane turns *her* big, soulful eyes on Steve. “Billy said he’ll teach us.” Then she retreats into her bubble, having used up half her daily allocated quota of words.

Max looks like the mention of her brother causes her great pain (Steve agrees wholeheartedly). “He said, and I quote, ‘*You shitbirds can come when I’m doin’ lessons for the kids and pick up what you can. If you can’t, drown.*’”

Lucas, Mike and Dustin, like the shitheads they are, laugh at Max’s Billy impersonation. Jane appears completely out of the loop, as per usual, and Will’s gone red again.

Steve has two new favorite children.

“Hey, dingus.” Robin pops her head back in. Her eyes flicker over each of the children, then finally settle on Steve. “Hargrove’s here.”

Steve is mighty grateful for the distraction. He is markedly less grateful about the exaggerated wink Robin throws at him.

“Speak of the devil,” someone groans. He misses the rest of it because he shoots outside like he’s got springs on his feet.

Billy Hargrove leans against the counter, wearing a shirt that is no good for Steve’s health. His lips quirk up when Steve appears. “Ahoy.”

God. *God*. It shouldn’t sound so sexual. Steve’s dick twitches in interest.

“Ahoy.” He zips to the counter. Tries to look suave. His hat falls off.

Billy’s smile only grows wider. He’s alone today- has been, since that first time he’d come with Tweedledee and Tweedledum, and for the four times he’d come after (Steve keeps count, on the corner of Robin’s whiteboard. He’d told her he was keeping track of the number of bathroom breaks he took per shift. “Gotta keep an eye out for diabetes, workin’ in a place like this,” he’d said. She’d said *mm-hmm* real slow and made a face).

“Sorry about that.” Jesus, Steve can give Will Byers’ tomato face a

run for its money right about now. “What can I interest you in today?”

Billy licks his lips. “Surprise me, princess.” He leans over, and his homicidal shirt falls open just that much, killing Steve on the spot.

Well, not really. He just drops his scoop like a spaz.

He can feel Billy’s gaze while he tries to make a sundae that conveys *I want to hold your hand and also your dick*. Dustin had once gone off on a tangent about how vanilla is an aphrodisiac, and Steve scoops several hearty helpings.

He extends the bowl to Billy. “*Bon Appetit.*”

Billy, because he is an animal, bypasses the spoon entirely and sticks his finger into the bowl, covering it with thick white goop. Without breaking eye contact, he closes his lips around the digit.

Steve dies. Comes back to life just to see Billy hollowing his cheeks. Dies again.

“Delicious.” His lips curl up into a wicked grin.

When Steve turns around, six pairs of eyes are staring at him.

Jane uses up the remaining half of her quota to say: “I think he likes you.”

Thanks, kid.



Steve almost regrets offering to chauffeur the devilspawn kids.

“Can you step on the gas, Steve?” Mike complains from the backseat. “We’re melting.”

“*TUUURN AROUND,*” Dustin belts soulfully, right into Steve’s ear. “*LOOK AT WHAT YOU SEEEEEE.*”



Max looks like she's being gagged with a spoon. "Oh my God, can you *shut up*?"

Dustin turns around. "*IIIN HER FACE, THE MIRROR OF YOUR DREEEAAAMS.*"

Lucas appears just as thrilled as Max is. "I don't need to learn to swim; I'm dating a California girl- she'll save me in case of an emergency."

Max takes a break from suffering to snort derisively. "Yeah, sure."

"*WRITTEN ON THE PAGES IS-*" Dustin inhales all the air inside the car, "*- THE ANSWER TO A NEVER-ENDING STOOORYYY.*"

Lucas paints the picture of heartbreak. Jane pats his shoulder reassuringly; Steve supposes she's already exhausted her daily quota. Or maybe she's just saving her words to say something completely mortifying in front of Billy.

"*REACH THE STARS.*" Dustin bunches his shirt up in a fist, holding the other hand out. "*FLY A FANTASYYY.*"

In the rearview mirror, Steve meets Will's eyes. He's crushed against one window, backpack clutched to his chest in a white-knuckled grip. He sends a tiny smile Steve's way.

One child. Steve has one favorite child.

"*STOOORYYY,*" Dustin warbles. "*AHAHAHAHAHAH- ow, shit!*"

Max leans over the console. Dustin gives her a sour look, clutching his nose. "Billy swims a couple of laps in the pool before he starts the class. If we get there fast enough, you'll catch it."

Steve's mind short-circuits at the thought of Billy's toned, suntanned arms slicing through the water, and then very hastily reminds himself that there are children here, what the fuck Steve, this isn't the time to be thinking about water rivulets snaking down Billy's muscled chest and disappearing into the waistband of his swimming trunks-

He really isn't helping himself.

“STOOORYYY,” Dustin starts up again.  
“AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH.” Steve’s boner dies instantly.

They manage to reach Hawkins Community Pool in one piece, and stumble out of the Beamer like a clown car. Dustin especially looks the part (Max had yanked his hair damn near out of his scalp when he wouldn’t shut up). Steve shepherds the kids inside.

He finishes getting changed before they do. Will can’t tear his eyes away from Steve’s bare chest. Mike’s face twists. “Ugh, Will, really?” he groans. “Billy I get, but *Steve*?”

Steve narrows his eyes. “And what’s that supposed to mean, Wheeler?”

Mike blinks. “Nothing!” he chirps all too merrily, then runs outside.

“You little shit-” One thing’s for sure: Mike’s never getting anywhere near his favorites list.

He storms out, fire under his feet, murder on his mind- and walks straight into a brick wall.

The brick wall moves. “You okay, princess?”

If Steve’s life were a movie, this would be the part where everything happens in slow-motion, and *Movin’ in Stereo* by The Cars would start in the background. But Steve’s life is not a movie, so the soundtrack he gets is Dustin’s muffled swear behind him, and his own eloquent *uh-um-uhs*. And everything else around him is happening at normal pace, so he’s definitely been *uh-um-uhing* longer than he thinks he has.

Billy bites the edge of his aviators- *why is he doing that why is it so hot*- and cocks his head to a side. “Frog-face here was runnin’, and I don’t allow runnin’. Not on my watch.”

It’s then that Steve takes note of Billy’s hand clamped on Mike’s shoulder.

Huh. He does kind of look like a frog.

“Sorry; won’t happen again,” Steve says breathlessly.

Billy licks his lips. Steve passes away. “Of course it won’t.” He rakes his eyes down Steve, those damn sunglasses still stuck between his teeth. “You’re good at taking orders, aren’t you, princess?”

Steve has all of two braincells, and they’re both lazy bums. “I sure hope I am; I work in customer service.”

Mike’s frog face gets distinctly froggier.

Billy, on the other hand, looks delighted. He even drops his Casanova façade for a moment and grins all over his face, wide and boyish.

Steve is precisely 6% functional right now.

“Billy.” It’s Max.

“Not now, Maxine.” Billy’s nervous all of a sudden. *Cute*, supplies the not-incinerated-by-Billy-Hargrove’s-sheer-attractiveness part of Steve’s brain, and promptly bursts into flame. “Hey, I was wonderin’-”

Billy has a tattoo on his bicep. This is Vital Information for Dream-Steve, and Steve-when-he’s-alone-in-bed-at-night-and-has-lube-at-his-disposal.

“Maybe you’d wanna-”

“*Billy*,” Max insists.

Billy rolls his eyes. “*What*, shitbird?”

“Those kids are splashing everyone within a ten-yard radius.”

“Sonofabitch.” Billy spins on his heel and stalks towards the pool, blowing on his whistle insistently.

The charred remains of Steve’s braincells muster up: *could’ve given him something else to blow*.



Jane outright refuses to get in the water, Dustin nearly drowns, Mike swims into a wall, Lucas gets bullied by a group of snotty eight-year-olds, and Will barely succeeds to float.

Still, Steve gets an eyeful of half-nude Billy Hargrove, so he counts it a success.



Robin offers to tag along next week. Steve is suspicious until she says, “I’m coming for the free entertainment.”

Exactly one and a half minute before Billy’s shift, Steve and Robin emerge from the locker rooms. Robin’s grin freezes. “*Steve*,” she hisses urgently, “you didn’t tell me the lifeguard was hot!”

Steve stares at her, then stares some more. “Rob, that’s, like, the entire point of us being here.”

“Not Billy, dingus!” She’s gone a shade of red a twin to the candy cane stripes on her suit. “*Her!*”

Heather Holloway perches on the lifeguard’s chair, pretty and poised and perfect, all doe eyes and perfect brown hair in ringlets.

She’s *exactly* Robin’s type.

Before Steve can figure out a way to bring up Elton John in a conversation with a lifeguard, Heather begins her descent. And that can mean only one thing:

Cue *Movin’ in Stereo*.

Steve’s a Catholic, but he’d get on his knees for Billy Hargrove.

Robin thwacks his arm. “Momzilla’s here, and she’s staring at lover boy.”

"Can't blame her." Billy is a vision in the afternoon sun; a marble sculpture come alive. No wonder Steve had his sexual awakening in Florence. The horny Italian boys of today are forever in debt to the horny Italian men of the past.

Momzilla simpers at Billy as he struts walks past. Billy throws her a smile, then looks across the pool at Steve and Robin. The Smirk widens.

"Rob." He gulps. "I'm getting hard; tell me something gross."

Robin swears. "Uh-" she flounders. "Momzilla's kid has a wedgie."

"Great, that's great."

"He kinda looks like he could be Jonathan Byers and Tommy H.'s kid."

"Keep going."

"Uh... oh!" She snaps her fingers. "I heard Mrs. Byers and Hopper are hooking up. Old people sex counts as gross, right, dingus- *ohmygod why is it growing*; don't tell me you have a thing for Will's mom!"

"Not Joyce," Steve spits through grit teeth.

Robin looks like a cartoon, all round eyes and mouth catching flies. "Ew, Jane's dad? *Really*? The guy looks like a grizzly bear; not to mention that bushy moustache-

*"Not helping."*

She stares at him some more, and then determination sets on her face. "Okay, dingus. You asked for this."

Steve inhales oxygen one moment, and water the next.

He comes up for air, gasping and spluttering. "Robin, what the-"

"You okay, princess?"

The swear dies in Steve's throat, as does most of his sensibility. He'd

blame the chlorine, but he'd be a liar. "I'm fine."

"Damn right you are." He crouches down, his pendant swaying in Steve's face. Steve has the urgent need to put it in his mouth, along with certain other things that belong to Billy, which are presumably equally as gold and twice as hard.

His mouth twists in mock consternation. "I have to say, pretty boy; I'm a little disappointed."

Steve glances down at his wiry body, distorted by the water, like some blue-tinged, freckled noodle. "Well, that's plain rude."

"In your behavior," Billy clarifies. "Thought you were good at following the rules. Thought you knew you're not allowed to dive." He leans in. "Thought you were a good boy."

"It was me; I pushed him in." Robin looks sick. "Please spare me."

Billy flicks his eyes up at her. "Guess I have no choice but to ask you to leave."

"Guess you don't."

"Guess you'll have to wait in the locker rooms until pretty boy decides to go home."

"Guess I will."

Robin pretends to wipe away a tear. Billy bites his lip on a smile. Steve tries to not burst into flames. "Guess I'll have to let you know that the lifeguards have separate locker rooms, off the side."

Robin blinks, cartoonifying again. "Y-you-"

"Tammy Thompson, junior year." The smile breaks through. He adds, in a low voice, "Guess we both have a thing for brunettes."

She mirrors the expression. "Guess we do."

Billy's smile turns wolfish when it's aimed at Steve. "My shift ends at four, pretty boy. Sure you can keep yourself entertained till then?"

Steve sweeps back his (brown! Glorious, glorious brown!) hair. “Oh, I think I know a thing or two about having fun on my own.”

Billy’s eyebrows shoot up to his hairline, and he lets out a surprised little laugh. “Yeah? How ’bout with an audience?”

“You know me, Hargrove.” He pushes off the wall. “I thrive on attention.”



Steve is a dirty, dirty whore. His thinks with his dick and it’s thinking of Billy.

So he puts on a show.

He grew up with a pool in his backyard; over the years, he’s learned a thing or two about swimming, and how to look good doing so. He swims effortless laps along the length of the pool, removing all thoughts of the suspicious bubbling around the old men in one corner, and focuses instead on the figure on the lifeguard’s chair.

Every time Steve looks at Billy, he’s looking back.

When he resurfaces, Billy’s got his whistle trapped between his teeth. He taps his wrist surreptitiously, eyes flickering towards the locker rooms.

Steve bites back a smile and climbs out, taking extra care to sway his hips just that much.

Billy is at his side in an instant, towel in hand. “Looking good out there, Harrington. Perfect form.”

Steve’s two braincells are too busy screeching Foreigner’s *Hot Blooded*. “Thanks. And, uh. Your form is amazing.”

He debates the merits of strangling himself with the towel. He settles for burying his face in it instead- which does fuck-all, thank you very much, because it smells like Billy.

Jesus H. Christ. More fodder for Dream-Steve.

Billy tongues a bubblegum strip. He's got something of an oral fixation, Steve's come to notice.

*Well, if you wanted to put something long, white and skinny in your mouth, all you had to do was ask,* his braincells supply helpfully.

"I'll be done in five." Billy winks. "Locker rooms. You know where they are."

Steve walks on sunshine all the way.

(No, really. His toes have blisters by the time he reaches the shade, and the cool tile is a welcome reprieve from the sun-scorched cement outside.)

He waltzes into the lifeguard's locker room, sequestered from the rest of the men's by a strip of wall, bare save for a Fourth of July Parade poster.

*"I'm hot-blooded, check it and see."* He ties the towel around his hips, pushing his trunks down his legs. They pool around his ankles, and he kicks them away. He messes with his hair for a bit, pulling a stiff strand over his face. He tests a smile on the lockers. *"I got a fever of a hundred and three."* He runs his hands down his chest, shaking his hips.

"C'mon, baby; do you do more than dance?" Steve looks up, meeting blue eyes in the reflection.

Steve bites his lip. "Check it and see," he says, real quiet.

Billy flips him around like a pancake on a griddle. Steve is the happiest- and horniest- pancake alive; especially when Billy finally kisses him.

There's probably a Steve-shaped dent in the lockers with how hard Billy's pressing him up against them. He intends to leave a mark of equal magnitude on Billy.

He rakes his hands up Billy's back, hard enough to hurt. Billy groans



into his mouth in response, because of course he's into that, and Steve echoes the sound, because of course he's into Billy.

He hesitates for a second before putting his hands in Billy's hair and yanking.

The reaction is instantaneous and everything Steve's ever dreamed of (literally. Multiple times). Billy practically *whines*, and bucks his hips against Steve's.

Which is. Incredible.

"Wanna suck you off," he mumbles against Steve's lips. "Gonna let me, princess? Feed me your pretty cock?"

Which is infinitely more incredible.

Steve nods so hard his two braincells ding around his cranium. "*Yuh*-yeah. Jesus. Please, Billy."

Billy drops to his knees with a painful thud. Steve would be more concerned, except Billy's yanking his towel off, and then his dick is in Billy's mouth.

Holy shit. His dick. Is in Billy's mouth.

He grabs fistfuls of Billy's hair- which is insanely soft, he wonders if he's not the only man Farrah Fawcett's seeing. Billy moans around his mouthful of cock- *Steve's* cock- and a shudder runs through Steve's entire body.

"Billy," he gasps. "Billy, 'm close."

Billy's peers up through his thick lashes, and hollows his cheeks.

Steve's orgasm hits him like a tidal wave.

He cries out, a little like a dying animal, but it's the least of his concerns when he's had his soul sucked out of his fucking dick. When he comes to, Billy's staring up at him with his mouth hanging wide open, a little whiteness on his lower lip.

“Jesus.” Steve rakes a hand through his hair. “Come up here; I can’t promise I’ll be as good as you, but-”

“You don’t have to.” Billy’s gradually turning the color of his trunks.

Steve knits his brows. “Course I don’t. But I want to.”

“No, I mean-” Billy glances down. Steve follows his gaze, to the wet patch on front.

Oh. *Oh*.

“That’s hot,” Steve blurts, and then his cheeks start to match Billy’s.

Billy’s still looking down, but Steve can tell he’s smiling.

When he stands up, all traces of his shyness are gone, and his smirk is back in place. Steve wishes he could kiss it, before he remembers he can.

Billy’s grin is a little looser when they pull apart. Eyes a little brighter. Steve falls just the littlest bit deeper. “What were you wondering about the other day?”

Billy’s smile turns lecherous as his eyes fall to Steve’s crotch. “Besides this?”

Steve rolls his eyes. “When the kids came to the pool. When you reprimanded Mike. You were saying you were wondering about something, right when Max interrupted.”

Billy furrows his brows in an imitation of thought. “Which one’s Mike, again?”

Steve sighs. “Frog-face.”

“Yeah, I knew that; I just wanted to make you say it.” Billy smirks, but then he looks nervous again. Steve wants to coo and pinch his cheek, but he’ll probably get his teeth knocked in for his trouble. “I was gonna ask if you wanted to catch a movie.” Disney princesses are jealous of Billy’s eyes, Steve is sure. “There’s this place at the mall, I dunno if you know it- it’s near this ice cream shop. Real cute boy

works there.”

Disney princesses are jealous of Steve’s blush. “Guess you’d better ask him out, then.”

“Guess I should.” Billy bites his tongue. “Think he’d say yes?”

And Steve kisses him again, because he can.



“I can’t believe you wore The Hat for your first time.”

“Shut up, Robin.”

### **Author's Note:**

- I made the Grave Error of imagining Steve in [this](#). There. Now you can’t get it out of your head, either.
- thank you for reading!
- find me on [Twitter](#), where I scream about stuff, and [Tumblr](#), where I scream about stuff at length. join the screaming. bust a lung.